



The Long Island **FISHERMAN**

FEBRUARY 1st, ISSUE NO. 5, 1973

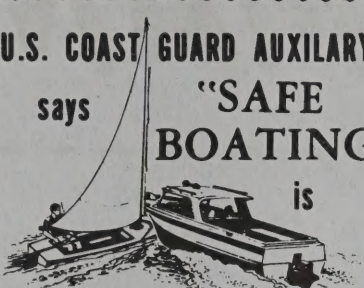
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On Woodcleft Canal, Freeport

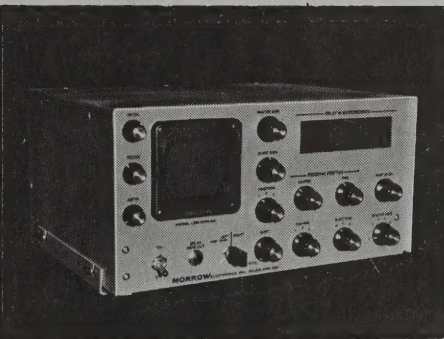
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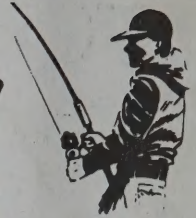
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The Long Island FISHERMAN

THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AREA



VOL.8, NO. 5

FEBRUARY 1, 1973

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FRONT PAGE PHOTO

Yes, there still remains on Long Island, something to remind us that we are on an island. And an island that was most rare. Photo by STU MILLER.

EDITORIAL

Submarines And Other Enemies.

Offshore of Long Island at 12 miles if not at 3 miles, multi-foreign ultra-technological fleets continue to suck up tons of sport and foodfish, while our New York Senators in Washington seek alternatives to the 200-mile fisheries limit. For Senator Buckley "... an agreement accomplished on a broad international level" would be best for our national security. Because if the U.S. took unilateral action claiming the 200-mile limit, then other nations might imitate this "territorial extension," making it difficult for U.S. anti-submarine patrols to detect "enemy missile submarines."

Senator Buckley: Who are these "enemy missile submarines?" And may they not possibly find strategic location in Cuban waters, there undetected by U.S. anti-submarine patrols?

In any case, we thought that peace was at hand...

Furthermore, is there no real distinction between extending territorial waters, and a fisheries limit?

Meanwhile, Robert Wilson of the National Marine Fisheries Service has expressed contentment over the present American-Soviet treaty (despite "enemy missile submarines?") - Wilson feeling a little disappointed only over the Polish fishing boats whose rape of the waters is "less disciplined" than that of the Soviet trawlers. As a reward for Soviet discipline, it is possible that a new agreement will allow Soviet ships to use U.S. ports along with other concessions - by the time you are reading this. Probably "enemy missile subs" will not be granted these privileges.

We, being only the American people, must through such as Mr. Wilson's contentment and Senator Buckley's patriotism, await with confidence the international Sea Conference for a sweet solution. Typically, this conference will occur in Geneva, Switzerland; next year.

This year and at home, Assemblyman J.M. Reilly of Glen Cove comes out strong against Rockefeller's bridge. Says Assemblyman Reilly: "it is the right bridge in the wrong place." The bridge belongs in Suffolk County, says he. - "The need for such a bridge to open up Eastern Long Island's dead end is universally recognized."

How intelligent our elected officials are. When all of this dead long island comes alive like Manhattan Island is alive: no doubt there will then be the need to divert 'Long City's' traffic and alleviate its air pollution. So that a right bridge could then be built to Gardiner's Island, to Cape Cod (also dead) and Cape May (quite dead) and Cape Hatteras (where some channel bass now survive)...

We do not know right now, what the status is of the Shoreham Plant on Long Island's north shore. Nor are we sure what the outcome shall be of the struggle against Con Ed on the Hudson. Yet, we do learn of ANOTHER power plant desired by the New York State Atomic Agency and Space Development Authority. This Agency has hired one Grumman Eco Systems Inc., to study the N.Y. BIGHT area! For a power plant on the Bight! On the Atlantic!

Perhaps now there shall arise another, local, ecology organization which shall ask us for donations, and to write letters to the patriots in Washington D.C.

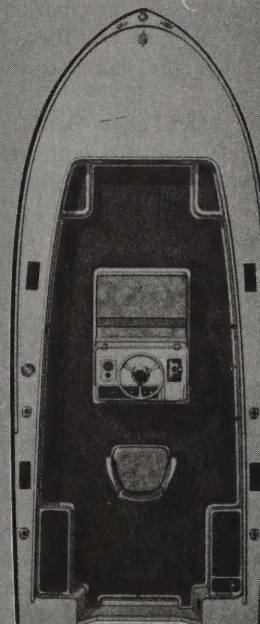
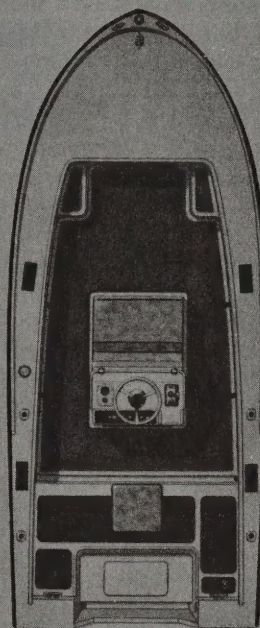
What Long Island needs now is a single congress of concerned organizations. By its broad based representation of the Metropolitan areas' sport clubs and ecology and legal organizations, unified to a single watchdog and task-force purpose, it will generate enough legislative power to gain voice at every level of government.

It is time for us - putting aside personal ambitions - time to help the politicians and bureaucrats in making decisions "for the American people."

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My Day On The Sound with ~~~~~

by **HARRY DRECKMANN**

"CAPTAIN DAN"

Rye in New York is its own quiet little city, lying along the northern shore of Long Island Sound. On a clear day the super structures of New York City can be easily seen to the southwest. At night the lights change her massive industrial-like ugliness to a shimmering beauty. But in Rye resides a good fisherman and a friend of mine. Known to some as "Captain Dan," he is an amateur fisherman by the rule-books but a real pro at finding and catching fish. When out with him, sometimes he will say he smells fish, and I'll laugh - only later to find out he was right.

I had just returned from a camping trip out west and called Dan to find out how the fishing was. He told me the blues were being caught in the southern shore of Long Island, but hadn't come around into the sound yet. There was plenty of baitfish around, and he felt that the blues should be in strong any day. After asking a few questions about my trip he invited me to go out with him the following morning. I accepted and was told to meet him on the dock at 4:00 A.M.

I arrived at the marina about 3:45 A.M. No one was there yet so I started down the ramp towards the boat.

You can't miss Dan's boat, a broad deep V hull that lends itself well to both handling and fishing. The 18 foot Alim (dubbed the Fran-Sea I) is well equipped for angling. She carries a live bait-well almost the size of a bath tub; fish finding sonar; various radio equipment (ship to ship, ship to shore, and CB) and an assortment of fishing tackle to light any fisherman's eye.

Anyway, as I proceeded I heard footsteps behind me, and turned to see Dan coming down the ramp. To those who don't know him he would seem a real greenhorn, with a half dozen rods slung over his shoulder. But there is a method to his madness and it is two-fold. First he believes in always being prepared. He brings equipment to cover all phases of fishing - fly, bait, spin, trolling, etc. Secondly, he uses ultra-light gear, and a damaged rod or reel must be replaced on the spot.

We greeted each other and stepped on board the Fran-Sea I. On land Dan is full of talk, jokes, and laughter. On

the water he becomes serious, intent, and keen. As we pulled away from the dock and turned into the channel towards open water I was chilled by a northwest breeze. It awakened me and I felt exuberant. And as we approached the mouth of the inlet, Dan raised his hand and pointed in a direction off the port bow. At first I couldn't see anything but then I noticed a spot where the water was darker and active. It was a rough circle approximately 40 feet in diameter. I must have looked puzzled. Dan turned and spoke out, "Bunkers." Commonly known as menhaden, these are the usual bait fish for blues and striped bass alike. We proceeded to snare the bunkers by casting weighted hooks into the school and jigging it on a quick retrieve. Bunkers weigh up to three pounds and put up a battle commendable for their size. Added to this: a fish, by being foul-hooked, has an advantage that increases the fight.

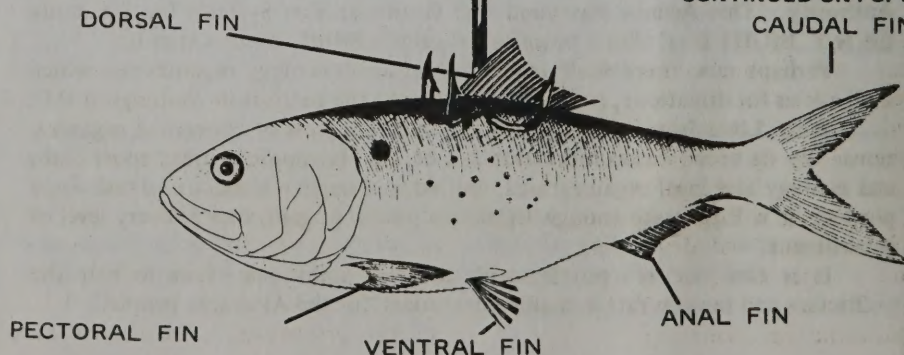
After boating a dozen or so, I was exhausted and the bait-well was alive with activity. Dan fired up the big Merc and continued out the channel. We cut through the Scotch Caps (some very majestic rocks) and headed east up Long Island Sound. The boat moved along very impressively considering the added weight of the filled bait-well.

In a short time, we reached one of Dan's favorite spots called "Goose Rock." After some maneuvering to get us in a good position to the rock and tidal current, we dropped anchors and got to work. (Dan uses two slip anchors the majority of the time. This keeps the boat from shifting and fouling the fishing lines.) We took two nice sized bunkers, rigged the hooks mid-body just over the dorsal, and placed them in the water to swim about at will.

Care must be taken to watch that the don't cross each other and foul the lines. And in addition to the live bunkers we put out two large pieces of cut bunker to drift in the current.

Aside from watching all this gear Dan proceeded to plug with a Goo-Goo Eyes Mackerel Swimmer. About 15 to 20 minutes passed with little more to do than untangling the lines of the swimming bunkers. Then, as I watched one of the bunkers, I noticed a large swirl out of the corner of my eye. A split second later the reel of one of the live bunker-rods began to sing. Dan watched and continued to plug while I picked up the rod and switched off the ratchet. Line continued to peel at an increasing rate. Then suddenly the spool stopped dead. I flipped in the clutch and pulled up fast and hard on my custom Sawpit magnum rod. My challenge was answered instantly, and again I began losing line; this time on a free spool but against the drag. It was a hard fight at first; gaining some line only to lose it again. This went on for fifteen minutes. A few times the fish broke water and to me looked like a small whale. Slowly, but finally, I was winning the battle. As I pulled the fish along the side of the boat I knew I would need help and called up forward to Dan. Still working his plug he turned to answer me. At that instant his rod dipped, as the Goo-Goo Eye surface swimmer disappeared in a large deluge of spray, and we were on our own. The ensuing battle seemed one-sided with the fish getting all the points. In the melee I managed to gaff and board my fish, a formidable striper. As I did this Dan ran around the boat trying to gain every inch he could on his stolen unseen fish. Each minute seemed like

CONTINUED ON PG. 1





N T A R G E T

by
STU
MILLER

WHILE FISHING is my main form of sport and recreation, it is not the only one. I also do what is widely known as target shooting. I have never hunted for sport or food, but I may go for deer this season with my .38 Smith & Wesson. Maybe I'll go into that another time.

Previous to the shooting I do now, I used to do my shooting with a Winchester Model 250, a sweet .22 caliber level action rifle. I had the trigger pull tightened to 4 pounds and mounted an inexpensive (\$8.) 3X Bushnell scope. It was deadly on the range - very accurate.

I was in a gun club, the West Hempstead Rifle and Pistol Club, and at our range and at the Nassau County range in East Meadow, where I did most of my firing, I came to realize that the real challenge was pistol shooting. That was where a truer testing of the shooter is demanded. It is my opinion that a much higher degree of skill and control and self-discipline are required to be "in the black" with a pistol than with a rifle. I say this because a rifle has four support points - the shoulder that the butt rests against, the hand that cradles the pistol-grip area behind the trigger housing, the front of the stock and the cheek against the stock. The pistol, on the other hand, is held out in front of the shooter with one hand and received no other support. It is strictly the shooter's control of the handgun via his grip, his ability to properly align the sights with the target, and his ability to control his body (e.g. eyes, arm, breathing) and his power of concentration, that combine to make the bullet strike the target at the point at which he aims. Also, the sighting radius (the distance between the front and rear sights) is only about 6-8 inches on a pistol, whereas the sighting radius on the average rifle is 24-28 inches.

Not that target shooting with a rifle isn't fun and demanding of skill and practice for good scores. It sure is! For me, though, it's the handgun that is the true challenge.



My pet target gun is a .22 caliber Hi-Standard "Supermatic Trophy." It is chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge. It is quite heavy, weighing 44½ ounces, unloaded. It holds ten rounds in its clip, though in matches and at firing ranges, five rounds are the maximum to be loaded at any one time. The gun has a 5½ inch "bull-barrel," (a thick, heavy barrel) which puts a lot of weight at the end so you can maintain a steadier hold on the black bull of your target, downrange. When buying this pistol, you have the choice of the 5½" bull-barrel or a 7" fluted barrel. Most purchasers of this very popular target pistol choose the 5½" bull-barrel, due to its being very heavy and steady. The adjustable trigger pull is set to a very light let-off, approximately 2 pounds. Topped off with excellent target sights, you get the idea when I say this is a hell of a target pistol.

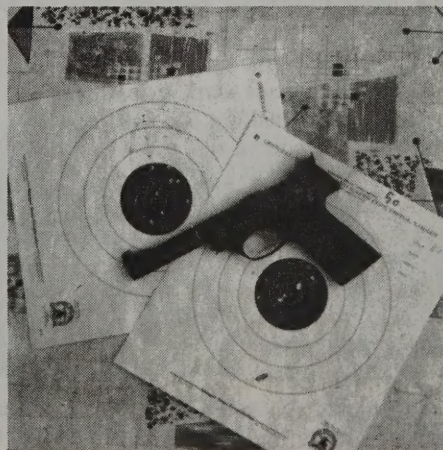
As I said, this and most other small bore (.22) pistols intended for serious target work are chambered for the .22 caliber long rifle cartridge. It is superior to the .22 short and the .22 long cartridges in that it offers greater velocity and more bullet stability in flight. A box of fifty rounds these days costs about a buck fifteen. A good, economical way to buy targets is in packages of 100 at a sporting goods store. It's half of what you'd pay at the range. Also, you don't want to use high-velocity ammo for target work - it isn't as accurate for the precision shooting as standard-velocity ammo.

The final important piece of equipment for pistol target shooting is a set of ear protectors. The muzzle blast

(NOISE) of even the lowly .22 caliber is a loud, sharp, painful BANG!!! And the larger the caliber you're firing, the more wicked the muzzle blast. When you stop to consider that you'll be firing several hundred rounds per shooting session, and that other people will be firing on both sides of you, and that they may be firing heavier calibers such as .32, .38, 9mm, .45, .35 Mag., .44 Mag., you can realize that in very short order you would be as deaf as a stone, since hearing damage is gradual and cumulative and PERMANENT.

There are ear protectors (noise suppressors) that are like big ear muffs and there are small sonic plugs that fit in the ears like ear plugs. I use the muffs. Both types let you hear normal conversational tones, but block out the loud, painful, yes painful reports of the firing.

So there it is - the target pistol, the ammo, the targets, the ear protectors. The basics.



ROD MAKING:

by DICK MERMON

Spinning Part II

NOW we will attach the reel seat to our Shakespeare rod blank, to make a spinning rod.

The reel seat can be attached by two different ways. First, if you already have a base for the reel seat, which is the cork, you will find it a bit too wide. Take a file and work it down to the size of the seat's inner diameter (see last week's photo). The cork should be round and very snug in the dry state. Before placing the seat onto the rod, scratch the inside of it with a round rasp to take the shine off. This gives the glue a place to adhere to. Spread the white glue over the section on which the reel seat is to be placed, and slide the seat from the tip down onto the glue-saturated corks. It should go on fairly tight, as far as it is meant to be.

If there were no corks used as a base, then the reel seat is scuffed the same way on the inside and placed onto the rod down to the seat's back grip. Make sure that it is directly in the center of the rod. Stand the rod straight up into the air and tape the reel seat to the grip with masking tape. Liquid epoxy (liquid glass) is then poured into the space between the rod blank and the seat to form a bond. The hardening of the epoxy will hold the two parts together permanently to form a solid piece between the glass and the seat. Once this is hardened, the fore grip can be put on: either a whole unit (pre-made), or single corks glued together. At least 24 hours to dry the glue!

After two days, it is time to do the hardest part of any rod making: sanding the butt-corks down evenly and round. Some may wish to stick with the pre-made cork grips. For a better job: a medium file to start with and then the rest of the way with sandpaper. A lathe does the fastest job, with the turning of the rod evenly at high speed.

Once the corks or grips are the size wanted the next step is placing the tip top. Ferrel cement or epoxy glue is used for the tip. Heat the ferrel cement stick over a flame until it begins to melt, then quickly rub it onto the tip of the rod. Heat the base of the tip top and

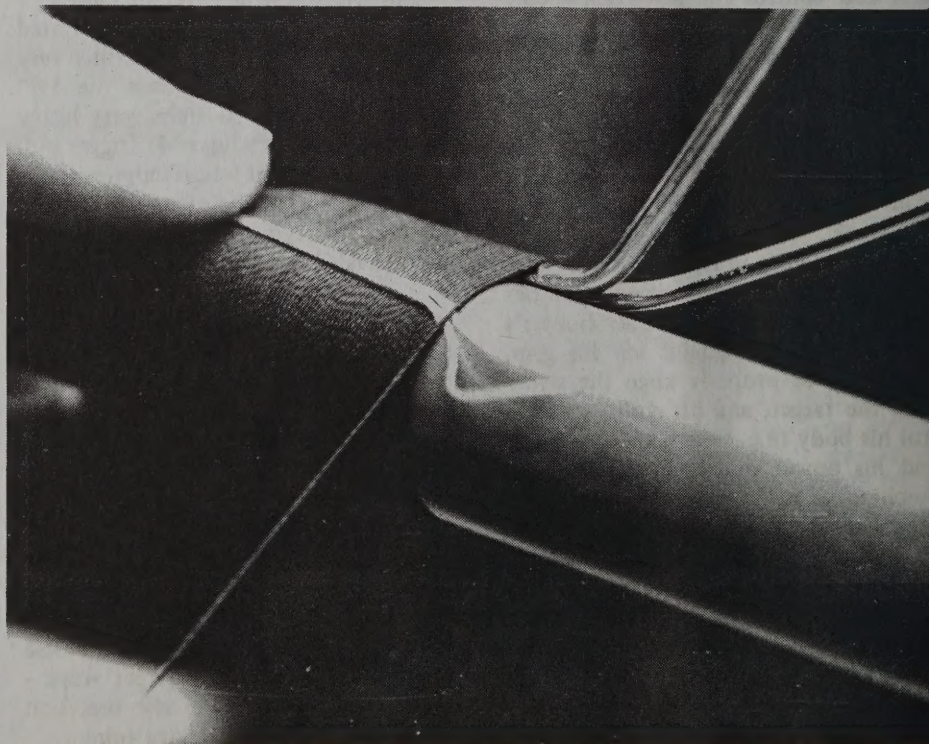
push it on the tip of the rod. The heat from the metal tip top will melt the cement on the rod, and you can twist it into position with the reel seat to form a straight line. Just let it cool or put some cold water on it. The cement will harden immediately.

Guides are now ready to be put in place. No less than four guides to any rod. For this 8-footer I would use five or even six, depending upon the bend of the tip section. Where the guides are to be located on the rod is determined by bending the rod in a arch and marking the spot where the rod bends in even graduations, each getting closer and closer to one another as they near the tip. The guide closest to the reel should be no closer than 18 inches to the spool of the reel (and no further than 24 inches depending upon the length of the rod). Once the proper location of each guide is determined, they can be moved a little to make them come out even on the blank.

Winding the guides onto the rod is not as difficult as one may think.

The simplest way to try the stick out, is to tape on the guides with electrical plastic tape for temporary use. The guides can be wound directly onto the blank or a base winding put on first. The latter makes a better and safer job. When under-windings are used, they should extend about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch beyond each flat end of the guide braces. Starting that base-winding may be a little tricky at first, but in time you will have no problem.

Start from left to right by placing the end of the winding thread towards the butt section. Now hold the spool of thread between the thumb and index finger. Put a small piece of tape on the end of the thread to hold it onto the rod; wind a few turns over this end, but not over the tape. The over-wind will lock under and not slip out. Cut the taped down end, take it off and throw it away. Now continue to wind until the desired length is reached. Take a small piece of excess thread and fold a loop. Place the loop towards the butt of the rod, on the windings; continue to wind over the loop a few turns; cut the line that leads to the spool and push the loose end through the loop. Pull the loop's end strands, and the end of the winding under and out of the over-winds. Save the loop thread for further use on the next winding. Pull the loose end of the base wind tight and cut it off close. Once again the over-wind will lock it tight.



Place a loop of thread over the windings, with the loop under the last wind.

Fanciness of this bottom wrapping is up to you and how talented you are. Rings, cross-winds, spacings and other fancy twists, comes with experience as all art work does. The main thing is to get it even and tight. Once the bottom wind is there, it should be covered with a coating of clear lacquer, such as colorless nail polish. This binds and tightens the base threads to receive the main windings on the guides. A very important part of the base winding is to protect the glass fibers from being scratched or nicked by the sharp metal of the guides. Once the glass has a nick in it, that spot becomes the weak point of the rod and will break. Before placing the guides on the rod for winding, they should be filed on the flat part of the brace. Sort of a taper, so that the thread will wind up onto the brace evenly, without any overlapping. The guides can be held on the rod tem-

porarily for winding by tape or rubber bands. As soon as one side of the guide is wound, the tape or band can be taken off and the other side wound.

Once the guides are wound on the rod should be checked to see that all the guides have been placed on straight. If they are off to one side, left or right, just straighten them so that they form a perfect line towards the tip. Look thru the guides from the reel seat, and be sure it's like a 'bullseye' all the way through. After this, a coating of clear lacquer is put on the windings. Another covering of winding thread can be wrapped over the first for added strength after the lacquer has dried.

Winding the guides or under base can be done in one of two ways. By holding the rod on your lap with one hand and winding with the other, or you can take two sets of furniture

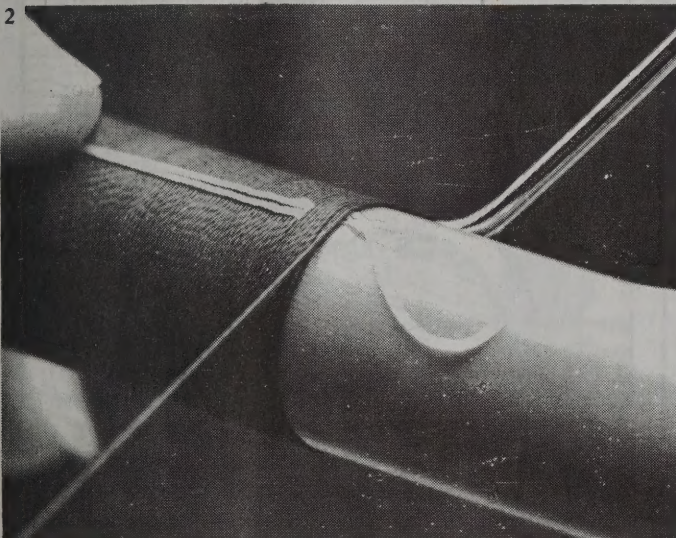
rollers and attach them to a long board. Then the rod can be put into the crotch of the rollers and turned either by hand or a small motor.

After each winding, a coating of lacquer is put on. The finishing coats of "protecting finish" on the windings should be either a good grade of varnish or clear epoxy paint. Several coats are used until the threads are completely smooth.

One word of caution, let all preservatives dry completely before applying more, or they will never harden.

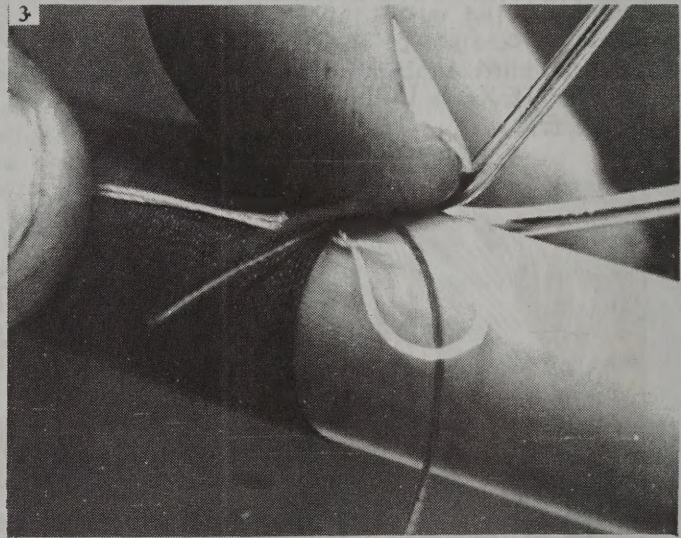
To end it all, add a rubber butt to the base of the rod to protect the cork and glass.

The preceding steps are but the basics of how to build the rod. In between, a little thought and common sense goes a long way.

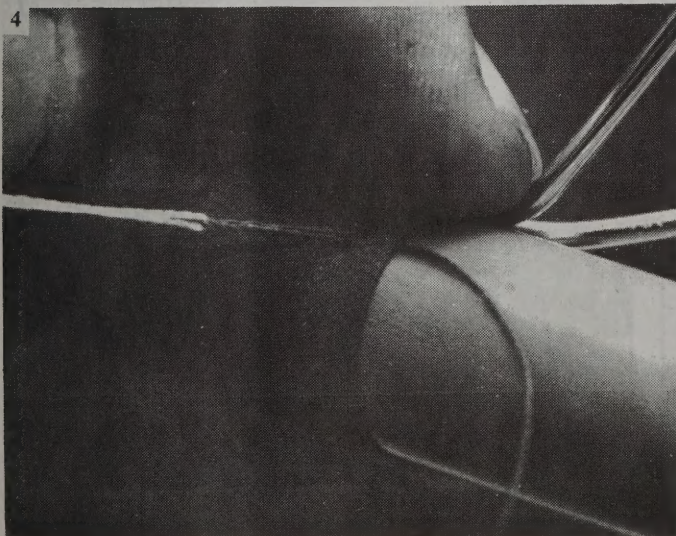


Wind several times over the loop.

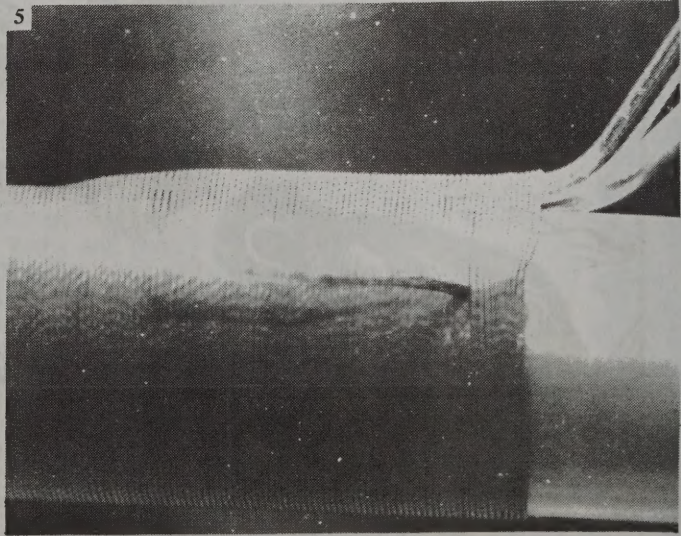
Photos by Dick Mermon



Cut the winding end at the spool and put the end through the loop.



Pull the ends of the loop out from under the windings until the winding end is out also.



Pull winding end tight and cut it off near the over-windings.

BEAR FACTS

BY
FRED GUARDINER

THE ALASKAN BROWN BEAR, WORLD'S LARGEST CARNIVORE, TURNS FISHERMAN DURING THE SALMON RUN.



THE GRIZZLY IS NORTH AMERICA'S MOST FORMIDABLE ANIMAL AND WILL ATTACK IF SURPRIZED. HE HALTED WESTERN U. S. EXPANSION UNTIL A RIFLE BIG ENOUGH TO STOP HIM WAS INVENTED. ONLY ANIMAL TO STAND UP TO HIM WAS AN IMPORT- THE TEXAS LONG HORN STEER.



THE ONLY SOUTH AMERICAN BEAR IS THE SPECTACLE BEAR - WHICH USUALLY HAS WHITE RINGS OR "SPECTACLES" AROUND THE EYES.



THE POLAR BEAR SPENDS THE LONG WINTER NIGHT ROAMING THE ARCTIC ICE PACK IN SEARCH OF HIS SEAL DINNER.



THE BLACK BEAR IS A GOOD CLIMBER, SMALLEST OF THE FAMILY, MOST WIDELY DISTRIBUTED AND SWINGS WITH CIVILIZATION WELL ENOUGH TO BECOME A PEST. HE OCCURS IN MANY COLOR PHASES.



The Brooklyn yankee, Sol Carroll, has migrated to Florida again this winter and one of his first acts upon arriving was to win two turkeys at the Sneads Lions Club turkey shoot. Although basically a fisherman, old Sol proved that he was just as proficient with a shot gun and has the turkeys to prove it.

SOLLY'S FIRE

"All fishermen lie. Unless I see the fish, or a picture of it, I don't believe words. Because all fishermen lie - except you and me of course (and I'm not so sure about YOU!)"

L.I.F., No. 9, 1972 - Patriarchs Of The Surf

OUR BROOKLYN Surf Patriarch Sol Carroll: Jeanie's affectionate husband; camper-home wanderer; poet of the beaches; "The Field Marshall" - when wearing medals for surf-caught fish; the shotgun-marksman; the master of rambunctious hilarity; the thoughtful one: - his exploits and his words do not appear only in L.I.F. We are privileged to share this FIRE with other publications from Nova Scotia to Florida.

As is the case with many Surf Patriarchs, a whole book would have to be written to begin to do it justice. Here is only a bit more of it all.

LETTERS FROM CHATTAHOOCHEE, FLORIDA. January '73.

"I entered a turkey shoot and won two shoots, and had turkey for Christmas and New Years. So did all at the camp ground. Turkeys were 9 pounds each . . . About 20 men shoot at a 4 inch-by-5 inch target, 50 yards away. The nearest 12-gauge shot to the bull's eye wins that round. Then they give you a frozen turkey . . .

"Did you make any New Year's Resolutions? - Well, remember that is how Adam got in trouble in the Garden of Eden. He turned over a new leaf . . . Are you laughing?

"Will be fishing for stripers in the Seminole Lake pretty soon . . . But I went fresh water fishing and caught 30 shell-crackers (specks). The large mouth bass and big carp will start as soon as the water level gets down. We had lots of rain lately. Keep well and kiss Martha for me . . ."

Last year, Will Ramsey printed a couple of Solly's poems in the local newspaper. Here's one for now.

ONE VISITOR LIKES US.....

Chattahoochee has long been known for its home-grown "characters". There are some folks around town who could make it on any old-time vaudeville stage, and they always add life and spice to any conversation.

We now have a transplanted "character" who came for a short visit and it's lasted for three months, so far. Sol Carroll and his lovely wife, Jeanie, travel about in their motor home fishing and playing all over the United States. They came here three months ago, liked the fishing, golfing and easy life that abounds here and decided to stay awhile.

Sol is a retired yankee who knows more jokes and stories than Bob Hope, and all he needs for an audience is a crowd of one.

I've been seeing them around for some time, but finally met them, and instantly you'd think he'd been knowing you all your life. Everybody he meets is his friend and he meets everybody, sooner or later.

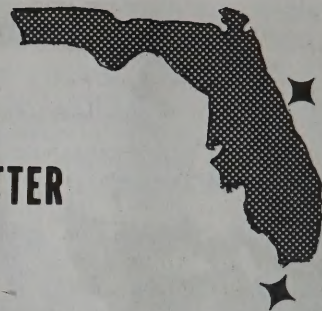
One of Sol's many talents is writing poetry. He can spout you off a verse at the flip of a verb, and naturally he has written one about Chattahoochee. Here's how it goes:

CHATTAHOOCHEE

In Northwest Florida,
Down South,
There is a lovely town
I wish to talk about.
For a vacation spot
It is second to none.
I go to Chattahoochee
For rest, and fun,
Play golf, swimming at Lake Seminole shore,
Boating, camping galore,
A Sportsman's Paradise.
Seeking fame
I come to Chattahoochee
For trophy fish and game.
--Sol Carroll.

We like visitors like Sol Carroll. We welcome him and his kind to come and stay as long as you will.

Seatrout and Redfish



by **DON VETTER**

NIGHT FALLS with surprising suddenness down here. One moment the Western sky is aflame with the pink and gold of a tropical twilight, and all is darkness the next; as if someone had thrown a switch. The waters of the Banana River are still, but for the occasional splash of a frolicking mullet. A gentle breeze carries the scent of orange blossoms from landward; Indian River country, Cocoa Beach, the giant gantries of Cape Kennedy lie a short distance to the north. Only the dim red glow of the compass, and the reflection of the running lights on the water, compete with the shimmering stars and the lights ashore, as I head in after the day's fishing.

The Cape Kennedy/Cocoa Beach area is (or should be) known among anglers for something besides Apollo moon shots. 'The saltwater trout capitol of the world,' so the local chamber of commerce says, and they do abound here. The spotted weakfish (speckled trout, yellowmouth, seatrout, or just plain trout, to the natives) is the prevalent fish here, though our own northern weakfish (called 'gray trout,' or 'silver trout' here) is taken on occasion. Redfish, often found in the same haunts as the weaks, are none other than the channel bass of Virginia and North Carolina fame. The sizes they attain in the outer banks surf are unknown here; 3 to 5 pounds is the average Florida red, with the exceptional fish going to 15 or 20 pounds.

Reds and trout are very similar in appearance (not surprising - they are related and are both members of the croaker and drum family), and aside from the difference in coloration, the prominent black spot at the upper base of the red's tail, is the one sure way of identifying him. The big, live Florida shrimp is the natives' choice as bait for both trout and reds, and they have evolved an interesting method of fishing them. A cone-shaped float, with a dish-shaped out head, known as a 'popping cork' is usually employed. Since Floridians rarely use a net for these notoriously weak-mouthed fish, a treble hook is used, even for shrimp fishing, to lessen the likelihood of its pulling free, when a fish is lifted from the water. The shrimp is impaled through his head-horn on one of the barbs, and suspended about 3 feet below the popping cork.

The rig is 'popped' by jerking the rod, the theory being that an inquisitive weak will come to investigate the commotion, and then grab the tempting shrimp.

Be that as it may, I never find the need to employ bait for these fish; both trout and reds will willingly take such a variety of lures, as to render live shrimp redundant. The only fishing in this intracoastal waterway for which natural bait is necessary, is when going for the big black drum, when these bottom feeders invade the waters in late winter. The Indian and Banana Rivers are where I learned the fundamentals of weakfishing in the early and mid 1960s when weaks on Long Island were little more than a memory (blessings on their comeback).

The Shrimp Tout/Salty Dog type lure, now so widely used for weaks in our own backyard, got its start in Southern trouting. In point of fact, these lures are still of Florida manufacture. Together with the bucktail jig, which is worked in a similar manner, these lures are deadly medicine for weakfish, wherever you may fish them. The method is to cast out and allow the lure to hit bottom, then retrieve in a series of short jerks, till the depth the fish are feeding at is determined.

In relatively shallow water (most Florida trout waters range no deeper than 6 to 10 feet), I prefer to use plugs. Many of the plugs designed for fresh water black bass are most effective on these weaks. Mirror Lure (58m), Flatfish, Rapala and Heddon Sonic would

top my list. A relatively slow retrieve, with occasional speed-ups, turns the trick. A spoon like the Sprite will work, particularly if you stop the retrieve, and allow the lure to flutter in place, by twitching the rod, from time to time.

Redfish seem to be rather near-sighted, and will often ignore a lure unless you practically hit them over the head with it. Trout and reds are not, unfortunately, the only fish which show an interest in plugs. A slowly worked lure will often draw the unwelcome attentions of southern puffers, those pesky (and poisonous if eaten) little devils, which abound in the Cocoa area, and closely resemble our own northern blowfish. I remember one encounter with a porcupine puffer (a subspecies), who grabbed my plug, and blew himself up to the size of a volleyball when I got him to the boat. Contemplating this spine-covered monstrosity, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and cut the line, letting him swim off with the lure.

Down in the Keys, the waters of Florida Bay can provide the same kind of seatrout/redfish action as the Cocoa area. This 'back country' fishing, as it is called here, is most often pursued by boating to one of the shoals (or 'banks') in the bay. Wading the flats adjacent to the Keys in swim trunks and an old

CONTINUED ON PG. 17

The last cast - sunset on Florida Bay.



THE WHITE-TAILED DEER must have been standing behind the door when Mother Nature was passing out methods of dealing with the cold and snow of winter. Some animals migrate to distant places, some curl up and snooze away the cold days, some burrow into the ground where they can escape the chill below the frostline, some climb trees and find security in their hollow trunks while still others have specially equipped feet for walking on top of the snow. The deer? All it got was long, hollow hair to act as better insulation.

Deer can get some protection from wind and storm under dense conifer cover, but they must find all their sustenance in that shallow layer of the woodland and brushlot that they can reach while standing on the ground. That white stuff that covers the ground most of the winter is a major factor in determining how well deer are able to utilize the food that exists on their range.

The first problem with snow is that it covers food, thus eliminating it as a possible energy source. Up to a point deer will dig in the snow for such things as ferns, trefoil and apples; but as the snow gets deeper this becomes impossible.

When the snow gets to be 15-18 inches deep, it becomes a serious inhibitor of travel. Most people grossly overestimate the size of a deer, for their usual close up view of one is when it is hanging, stretched out and above eye level. The fact is that the same buck that you had to look up to see, had its heart only 18-20 inches above the ground when it stood on all fours. This surprisingly low profile explains why so many hunters shoot right over their backs. In 18 inches of soft snow a deer makes a rut instead of tracks.

As snow makes travel harder, deer tend to congregate in areas where there are lesser accumulations of snow, such as the south slopes and the evergreen shelter belts of low lying areas. Deer become even more restricted as snow depths increase during the winter; just as though they were surrounded by an invisible fence.

If too many deer are confined to a wintering yard for several years, they can have a very marked effect on the survival of food plants within the area by overbrowsing. As better forage plants in the yard are killed and replaced by inferior ones, the ability of the yard to support deer is decreased.

DEER AND SNOW



AND WINTER FEEDING

by PAUL M. KELSEY
N.Y. State Regional Conservation Educator

Temperature changes can rapidly alter the effects of snow depths. A warm spell followed by a solid freeze will put deer right up on top of the snow giving them freedom of movement. The new "ground level" makes food available that had previously been out of reach. Such freeze-ups in the Adirondacks may backfire, however. If a second warm spell takes the body out of the snow, deer that had ventured from the yard to take advantage of the food and easy travel may be left floundering in deep snow away from the yard.

A limited crust may be both a help and a hinderance. Walking deer can stay on top most of the time, but break through quickly when they run. Under these conditions dogs become a very serious menace, for with their larger feet in relation to body weight, they can run on top of a crust which will not hold a deer.

In the Adirondacks, under normal temperatures, deer can tolerate accumulated snow depths of 15 inches for 40 days or 20 inches for 30 days. Under these conditions they are able to forage away from the yard enough to maintain their vigor. If they are restricted by 15 or 20 inches of snow for 60 or 50 days respectively, serious starvation may be expected.

At temperatures below freezing, most New York winter areas will not supply adequate energy from their food to maintain body weight. Fortunately, most deer enter the winter with plenty of fat under their hide and in their body cavity. Using these energy re-

serves, deer can normally lose about 30 percent of their body weight with no serious effects. It is beyond this point, when they start drawing on the fat in the bone marrow and on muscle tissue, that trouble starts.

Now let's look at the "web of life" in which our deer are a part in their natural environment.

Addition of fawns each year means that the annual demand for food from the environment is also increased. A normal deer herd will double its population in two or three years. Sooner or later this increase must halt or there will not be adequate food.

Mother Nature's methods of balancing animals with their food supply are not often humane. Flesh eaters like the wolf and mountain lion kept deer numbers in balance with food. It was a rough balance at best, but it worked. Some of these flesh eaters also ate man's livestock, so they had to go. This left man as the only predator capable of keeping deer numbers in balance with their food. Where deer are readily available, man has done his job; but where they are not easily available he has not done the job.

As a deer herd exceeds the ability of its range to produce nutritious food, several things will occur. First, during critical winters, deer, particularly fawns and old deer, will die of starvation. Second, deer weakened by malnutrition will be subject to a higher death rate from predation and disease.

At this point man can intervene in two ways. He can take the role of

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The Wine of the Hunt



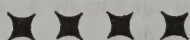
OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago I read a travel-book in which the European author described a year of his life, in the 1920s, amongst a certain tribe of desert nomads. Recently, this one incident from that book vividly came to mind . . .

One day those tribesmen went out on horseback with falcons and rifles, hunting gazelle. On sighting a herd of gazelles, the trained falcons were released to slow down the swift herd. A falcon could even seize the horns of a buck, and twist the buck to the ground. As the horsemen neared within range of a fallen gazelle, the falcon would arise, and the man whose turn it was would then shoot the buck . . . But one gazelle had gotten the knack of dealing with falcons. When a falcon swooped down on it, this unusual buck would turn over suddenly on the falcon and gore it to death. This buck eluded and gored several falcons, which are very precious to the nomads . . . But

finally this buck became exhausted and the nomads - with more than one mare to a man - they gained on the brave little buck which now stood off a ways, watching their approach, exhausted. Reining in and halting, the barbarians released another falcon to see what would happen. Promptly the fierce bird swooped on the buck which again suddenly turned over, rolling over on the hawk and then goring it to death. A cry of admiration rose up from the barbarians. Not one man was willing to shoot that gazelle-buck. "He is too noble."

Riding back to their encampment and gathering the fallen game as they went, one of the tribesmen said to their European guest: "How I love to drink the wine of the hunt."

Hence our title for this week; and the following is what made me remember those hunters of another land, from a book that I had read years ago.



Up in the state of New York in the wilds of Delaware County, not far from a famous reservoir where some big trout are caught, my cousin has bought some 14 acres and lives there with his wife and child. My cousin (he fears to have his name printed) was born in Manhattan and he still is really cosmopolitan; a commercial artist and once a week he drives back to the huge City for business. Then he returns fast

to his new home where he does his art work surrounded by beauty.

Here also he tends the cows, hogs, chickens, and a few crops. And he and his wife love the valley and the woods and the marvelous wildlife.

"Five days a week you look out the window, or walk through the quiet woods, and it's like 200 years ago. Man, it is beautiful; peaceful; rich with sights of wildlife. But then the weekend comes. And I'm telling you, we are under siege."

Game, and big game abound through this rugged region. Therefore, up from the City come the hunters; for sport and, as they tell my cousin while trespassing on his property: because they love nature so much.

Out of this love for nature, my amazed cousin has extricated bullets from the walls of his house and from his barn. He knows now to put the cows in the barn every weekend, because of that love for nature. His neighbor two miles away was in the hospital for three months, after a bullet passed under his heart, fired from that love of nature. And out of that love of nature, my cousin finds many does and fawns left bleeding to death in the woods.

"A lot of these guys are big, really big guys; and it is really something to wake up on a Saturday morning and find some guy on my property, six feet tall and 250 pounds: strangling a 6-pound rabbit to death." - My cousin had a lot to say over our Yuletide gathering.





"Every time I run into these guys, I hear the same story like a broken record. They are always the ones who are 'the good hunters.' They know all the safety rules and they never break the rules. They are never the ones who fire at just a movement. They are always the ones who always make absolute sure it's a buck. And I always hear how, anyway, they are not out just to hunt. They are always the ones who are happy just to be in the woods and away from the City. I ask them: 'Why don't you ever go into the woods like, two days before the hunting season starts? If it's just to be in the woods that you love so much . . .' They are always courteous during these conversations that I am forced to have with them, but when I turn to go back to my work after they've agreed to leave my property: I always hear an under-

tone behind me, like: 'Screw you!' - Do you know what I mean?

"They are vicious, brutal, sick bastards and neither I nor my neighbors would dare try to press the issue of trespassing, nor the issue of illegal shooting. (You would never believe the extent of off-season killing that goes on, as well as all the does and fawns, cows, pigs, and even chickens that get shot during season.) We dare not start a thing because, if they are so callous regarding wildlife: what does a barn mean to them? They could drop a match in my barn. Or worse. What would it mean to them?"

What, indeed, does any of this mean to the State of New York, with a good revenue - says my cousin - "from about 600,000 hunters." He states that the game rules are not enforced. The game warden is given a territory absurd for one man to cover.

One hunter from the City was (my cousin feels) a true huntsman. "For three weeks this guy trailed a bear through the woods. He lived out there for three weeks. He had to climb over high ridges on his stomach, after this one big bear . . . The bear is very smart. It would backtrack and try to shake the man. But he stayed out there, three weeks; tracking this one bear very care-

fully. Finally he got a bead on the bear, and dropped it . . . This guy was a hunter! All that these other damned bums do besides shooting at everything that moves, is fill up their lodges with liquor bottles! I'm telling you, I don't think they really like hunting! What they really like, is getting back home with something to talk about in their clubs. Though I do think they also enjoy just killing something."

A friend of my cousin's back in the City happens to be a sanitation-man. This sanitation-man has a route through a particular City-section, where many hunting-clubs happen to be. Here he finds in the garbage, major portions of the bucks discarded. Most times it is only the head that is missing. The trophy.

Bitter, angry, heartsick, and very pessimistic regarding the nobility of 'outdoor sportsmen,' my cousin called into question even my own enjoyment of fishing. He asked me: "When you drive a hook into a fish's face, isn't that what you really like the most about fishing?"

Stunned by all that he had previously told me, I could only shake my head now and reply, No.

Perhaps you would have been more able to answer for me?



Illustrations by
FRED GUARDINEE

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MONTAUK

The report from Capt. Richie Rade of the "Marlin III" is that the fishing on Saturday was very good. Over 300 fish were taken, and the pool winner was Harry Melzer of the Bronx. Harry's pool winning fish was a 26 lb. cod caught at Block Island. Pollack and blackfish were caught also. Sunday was a little sloppy due to swells. The fishing was rated as fair at the Cartwright Grounds.

SANDY HOOK

Capt. Bunting of the "Sea Horse" reports there was very good fishing on Saturday while drifting by Ambrose Tower. The high hook was 90 fish, mostly whiting up to 4 lbs. The pool winner was Dave Nance of Union Beach. There were some ling mixed in with the whiting. Sunday was a little slower. The high hook had 40 fish. The fish averaged 1½ to 2 lbs., and 20 to 30 fish was the average. Sunday was a little

sloppy and this accounts for the decline in fish caught.

MANASQUAN

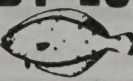
Capt. Howard Bogan of the "Jamaica" reported that the fishing was good. Mostly school sized fish (cod and pollack) from 3 to 5 lbs. are being taken. The fishing took place around the Mud Hole, at the mussel beds and rocks. The pool fish was a 20 lb. cod caught by Bob West of Pennsylvania.



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CAPTREE

Capt. Ben Litwin reported that the fishing is fair east of the Lightship Buoy in about 110 ft. of water. On Saturday, about 30 cod were taken, with a 30 pounder taking the pool. Most of the cod averaged about 8 lbs. Capt. Litwin didn't sail on Sunday, however, boats that did go out had a fair to good day depending on the areas fished.

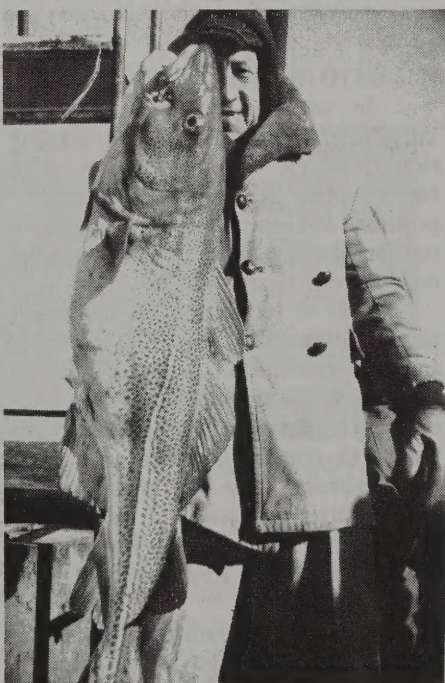
lers had about 40 cod, 75 blackfish and also a catch of about 25 ling. The cod were small, running from 1 to 5 lbs. The blacks were a nice size, up to 6 lbs., and the ling also went to about 6 lbs. On Sunday the weather hindered the fishing due to the wind and swells. There were some cod, blackfish, ling and whiting taken, however, this fishing was not as good as preceding days.



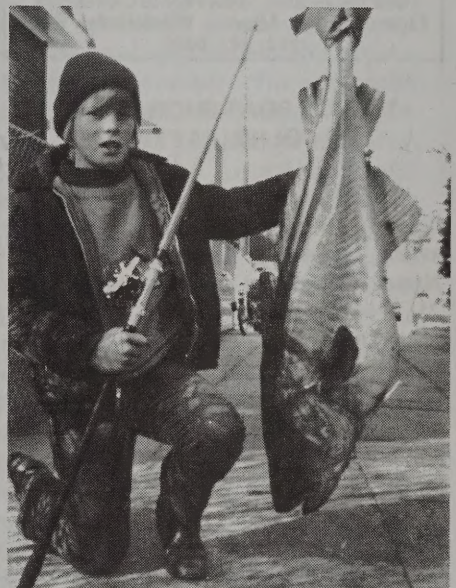
John Brancato of Hackensack, N.J. with his pool winning 60 lb. cod, caught aboard the "Viking Star" on 1/13/73.

FREEPORT

Capt. Richie Kessinger, skipper of Capt. Jack's "Star Stream," reported that on Friday and Saturday the fishing was very good at the Cholera Banks and at the inshore wrecks. On Saturday, ang-



S. Stowell, of Roosevelt, L.I., and a 48 lb. cod (he also had 6 others) which he caught January 21 aboard the "Peconic Queen II" out of Montauk.



Gary Reichenbach of Valley Stream, L.I. with his pool-winning 55 lb. cod, caught at Montauk aboard the "Viking Skipper" on 1/13/73.



Fred Guardineer out on a recent hunt for his favorite stew. 12-gauge pump shotgun, size 7½ shot.

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1973 L.I. BOAT SHOW OPENS AT COLISEUM FEB. 17

The Long Island Boat Show will hold its 16th annual exhibition - billed as the "biggest in its history" - at the Nassau Coliseum Feb. 17 through Feb. 25, it was announced.

Until this year, the boat show traditionally was held at the smaller Island Garden arena in West Hempstead.

With 30% more floor space at the coliseum, the 1973 Long Island Boat Show will exhibit some 250 power boats and sailing craft representing every major manufacturer in the country as well as several foreign boat builders.

"The 1973 Long Island Boat Show will be the biggest in our 16-year history," beamed show director Mrs. Eadie Van Nostrand. "All available space has been sold and we are now working on making the show's initial exhibit at the coliseum most impressive," she added.

The coliseum's strategic location near all major parkways and its parking facilities for over 1,000 cars will help to make the 1973 show one of the most successful. "Boating," Mrs. Van Nostrand declared, "recently surpassed aerospace as Long Island's leading industry."

The theme of the 1973 Long Island Boat Show is "oceanography," and heading the list of organizations which have been given free space at the show is the New York Ocean Science Laboratory of Montauk, L.I. The Marine Science and Technology Department of Suffolk Community College, Selden, L.I., also will be on hand.

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In addition to the vast array of boats, the show will also feature numerous marine accessory displays, fishing tackle, camping equipment, water sports paraphernalia, and both inboard and outboard engines.

CONGRESSMAN LENT: MORATORIUM ON FOREIGN RAPE OF U.S. FISHERIES

Three bills which would extend United States fisheries jurisdiction to a point 200 miles offshore have been introduced in the new Congress. First was the appropriately numbered HR-200 submitted by Rep. Don H. Clausen (R-Calif.). Congressman Norman Lent (R-N.Y.) entered HR-722 and James Howard (D-N.J.) HR-1576.

In addition, Congressman Lent introduced House Concurrent Resolution 79 which "expressed the sense of the Congress recommending the imposition and enforcement of a moratorium upon foreign fisheries operations on U.S. coastal stocks of fish."

Lent is requesting his colleagues to co-sponsor both his 200 Mile bill and the Resolution. Both will then be reintroduced with the co-sponsors. Concerned citizens should take this opportunity to request their Representative to co-sponsor these vital measures. A simple letter or postcard asking the Congressman to co-sponsor HR-722 and House Concurrent Resolution 79 is all that is necessary.

Emergency Committee To Save
America's Marine Resources

STRIPED BASS TRUST

On January 27th the temporary board of directors met at Riverdale at Mt. St. Vincent College. Angus McBeth, attorney for the National Resources Defense Council explained how, for

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legal purposes: it should be called Striped Bass Fund . . . Those at the meeting selected some of the permanent members of the Fund's board; and Al Reinfelder, in recognition of his long, precise and eloquent battle for ecology was elected President . . . It was decided that the Fund would build state-by-state chapters. The Board already includes members from Connecticut and New Jersey; eastern Long Island and the New York Metropolitan area; and outreach was planned for further enlistment in other eastern seaboard states.

The primary and immediate purpose of the Fund is to take Con Ed to court over its projected power plants on the Hudson. Attorney McBeth described on-going court suits. For example Con Ed (plant no. 2) is being sued for \$1.6 million by State Attorney General Lefkowitz for the massive killing of stripers under 16 inches. And Scenic Hudson, with the Hudson River Fishermen's Association are suing N.Y. State Dept. of Conservation Commissioner Henry Diamond, over an unreal statement of his regarding the Storm King Plant.

Contributions should be sent to Striped Bass Fund, care of National Resources Defense Council, 36 West 44 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Your help is urgently needed to carry on the increased work of this new, action-oriented organization which must also foster scientific studies, and educational activities, for the sake of defending a national resource that has been abandoned by our state and federal governments.

MY DAY ON THE SOUND WITH "CAPTAIN DAN"

In hour and after about twenty of them the battle started to turn. Then about 60 feet off the stern the big bluefish broke about three feet into the air. It was a beautiful picture, the kind you never forget. Bringing his blue to gaff was a lot harder than my bass. It fought even after being boated. But it sure was a beauty. Tipping the scales at 19 lbs., 6 ozs., it was a new I.S.F.A.* Record for 10 lb. test line. My striped bass weighed in at 43 lbs., 12 ozs., a new record for me. (*International Spin Fishing Association.)

We threw the fish in the boat's large engine-well and I started to grope around the bait-well for another live bunker. While intent on grabbing one particular bunker that was trying to evade my fumbling hand, I heard Dan yell, "Look off to port side!" I jumped up and had to turn around. What I saw was beyond belief. I've seen the sky open up but never the sea, and that's what seemed to be happening. About one quarter mile towards the open water there was nothing but splashing foam for as far as you could see, I've observed schools of bluefish breaking water, but never for more than a three or four hundred yard stretch.

After Dan shook me out of my trance, we rushed around the boat pulling in anchors and lines. I started the engine as Dan pulled in the last line with the swimming bunker. We were on the edge of the school in no time and rigged our light spin casting rods with single-hook poppers, and short piano wire leaders. Casts brought immediate strikes and, as we fought our fish to the boat we witnessed the bluefish feeding, chopping the bait, and turning the water to a dull brown from the mass slaughter.

As the school spread out they engulfed the boat and you could hear the thumps of breaking fish bouncing off the hull. We couldn't fish while surrounded by the bluefish, because our lines were cut past the leader as we retrieved. So we moved the boat to the edge of the school and kept that position. The fish stayed up for almost a half hour and we boated twenty-two of them, with another nice number lost. After they sounded, a faint smell lingered and then I understood the mechanics of Dan's nasal fish-finder.

We fished a little longer that day, catching a few more blues and then just after noon we started heading for home. As we came back through the Scotch

Caps I thought about this morning as we were starting out and reflected on the thrilling experiences of the day. Tomorrow we will go out again, go through the same motions, and maybe not even see a fish. It happens.

To "Captain Dan," every day is another day of fishing. To me some are good, some are bad, some are unforgettable. All fishermen react differently. But we all like to fish.

SEATROUT AND REDFISH

pair of tennis shoes is my favorite way of fishing. The oceanside flats can often produce good bonefishing, while those on the bay side are the place to look for trout and reds. Acrobatic ladyfish, and fighting jack crevelle add to the fun.

In recalling my preference for wade-fishing, one amusing incident (which didn't seem too funny at the time) comes to mind. Standing a bit more than knee deep in the clear water of Florida Bay, I was about to make another cast when a menacing form appeared. Less than 10 feet away a large barracuda was giving me the eye. Through the magnifying effect of the water he appeared to be at least 5 feet long. He seemed to be interested in the stringer of trout and reds, which trailed in the water from my belt, but I had the uncomfortable feeling that a nice big bite from one of your reporter's legs was uppermost in his fishy mind.



Seatrout with some of the lures that take them.

I have fished for 'cudas often, and enjoy catching them, but sharing the same water with a big one was definitely not my idea of a good time. I backed slowly away, avoiding sudden moves, and old needle tooth followed, maintaining the same distance. I didn't breathe freely till I reached the small dock, and lifted myself out of the water. The big 'cudas was still there, giving me the evil eye.

Later that day which was to be my last in Florida, before starting the trip home, I fished that little dock till

sundown. Old barracuda made his presence felt by severing a seatrout I had on, neatly in half. Just wait till next year you old son of a gun . . .

DEER AND SNOW AND WINTER FEEDING

the predators that he eliminated and reduce the herd to the point that there is enough food to go around. As a humanitarian, he can add artificial food to the natural food supply and in this way carry some deer through the winter that would have starved.

If the latter choice is taken, since there was inadequate food for the deer that he saved, man must now assume the responsibility of saving these same deer for the remainder of their natural lives, plus the responsibility of saving the lives of the progeny of those deer. Sooner or later, this continually increasing food requirement will become financially impossible. The first winter that the artificial food supply is withheld, the deer population will crash back to what the natural range will support through the loss of deer by starvation.

Meanwhile, what is happening to the "web of life" on the deer range? The palatable species of plants that are unable to grow above the seven foot mark where deer can browse, will die. These will be white cedar, maple, ash, hemlock, black and yellow birch, hickory, black cherry, walnut and butter-nut. Plants that furnish the deer little nutritional value, and are therefore not heavily used - - beech, aspen, grey and paper birch, ironwood, blue beech, red cedar, fire cherry, tamarack, alder and spruce - - will grow and replace the more valuable trees, more valuable both as timber and as deer food.

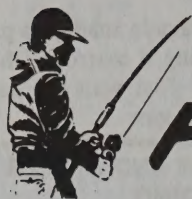
For these reasons it is the Department of Environmental Conservation's policy neither to feed deer nor to encourage others to do so.

State of New York
Dept. of Environmental Conservation
Albany, New York 12201
Henry L. Diamond, Commissioner

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1964 - 17' CRESTLINER, fiberglass, 75 h.p. Johnson, fully winterized, Holsclaw Trailer, many extras, \$1000.00. (516) PE 1-4326.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER

- * In its last two sessions, the New York State Legislature, representing all the people, overwhelmingly voted to repeal the authorization to build the bridge. And twice you vetoed that repeal.
- * The Nassau County Board of Supervisors unanimously adopted a resolution opposing construction of a bridge and highway crossing Long Island Sound from any point in Nassau County.
- * The Honorable Ralph Caso, the County Executive of Nassau County, serving all 1.5 million people of Nassau County is against the bridge.
- * The entire Nassau County Republican delegation to the New York State Legislature has gone on record publicly as being against the bridge.
- * Representatives Lester Wolff and Ogden Reid have sponsored Federal legislation to prevent the bridge from being built.
- * The Nassau County Planning Commission unanimously adopted a resolution after public hearings, urging you not to build the bridge.
- * The councils of towns and villages - among them, Rye, Tarrytown, Mamaroneck, Oyster Bay, Bayville, Mill Neck, Lattington - have all adopted resolutions opposing the bridge.
- * The Westchester County Board of Legislators, by resolution, has urged you to suspend the project.
- * The Road Review League, the Sierra Club, the New York State Environmental Lobby, The Long Island Environmental Council, boating and yachting organizations and other environmental and conservationist organizations throughout the state oppose the bridge.

LONG ISLAND ENVIRONMENTAL COUNCIL
95 Middle Neck Road, Port Washington, New York 11050

CHUM



LINES

Dear Sir,

In your January 18th, 1973 issue of the Long Island Fisherman, on page 9, Mr. Fred Guardineer states that the 73 lb. striped bass caught June 16, 1967, by Mr. Charles Cinto tied the world record set in 1913 and that this "biggie" was caught on a Ray Jarry Big Daddy Goo-Goo Eye plug.

Mr. Cinto exhibited his mounted trophy soon after at many tackle stores and sport clubs throughout New England, one of them being our Bait Shop, Inc., located at the time in Darien, Conn.

The proud angler was present during this exhibition and advised all who inquired that his prize was caught on a "Big Daddy Goo-Goo Eye" plug that was manufactured by Mr. Leo Cooper of Stamford, Conn.

My questions are: Who is Mr. Ray Jarry and how did he get in the act? Also, if what Mr. Cinto told us is true, will Mr. Guardineer correct his statement and give Mr. Cooper the recognition he justly deserves?

Will you please try to clarify this matter for me and a few other confused anglers.

Very truly yours,
The Bait Shop, Inc.
Herbert B. Van Sciver, Pres.

Mr. Cinto's "biggie" was in fact caught on a "LEO COOPER" Big Daddy Goo-Goo Eye plug.

Ray Jarry, at one time, was Mr. Cooper's L.I. Representative. Most likely this is where Fred made his mistake. But this is no excuse for letting this error slip by.

Please excuse us Mr. Cooper, your Goo-Goo Eye plug deserves all the credit it gets, and thank you Herb for bringing this to light.

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE SANDY HOOK STATION		
DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	6:20	6:42
Fri.	7:01	7:21
Sat.	7:39	7:59
Sun.	8:16	8:36
Mon.	8:55	9:15
Tues.	9:37	9:56
Wed.	10:20	10:43
Thur.	11:07	11:33

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Bergen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
RAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zachs Bay	+1	25
Gilgo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heekucher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	58
Smiths Point	+3	28
Harts Cove	+1	30
Potauk Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND WILLETS POINT STATION		
DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	10:11	10:43
Fri.	10:33	11:03
Sat.	11:02	11:24
Sun.	11:33	11:57
Mon.	12:04	12:10
Tues.	12:34	12:52
Wed.	1:15	1:37
Thur.	2:00	2:24

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND BRIDGEPORT STATION		
DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	9:50	10:15
Fri.	10:29	10:56
Sat.	11:09	11:32
Sun.	11:47	12:28
Mon.	12:10	12:10
Tues.	12:51	1:08
Wed.	1:30	1:52
Thur.	2:15	2:41

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND NEW LONDON STATION		
DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	7:48	8:20
Fri.	8:26	8:55
Sat.	9:05	9:31
Sun.	9:43	10:12
Mon.	10:22	10:49
Tues.	11:03	11:31
Wed.	11:50	12:16
Thur.	12:16	12:39

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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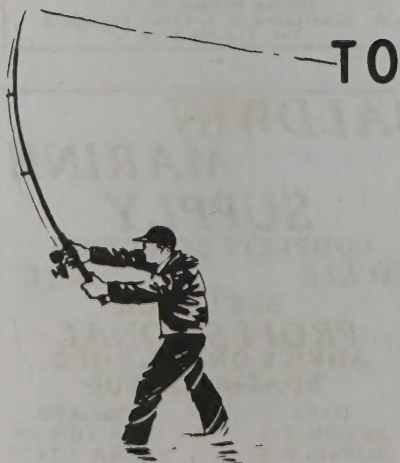
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